

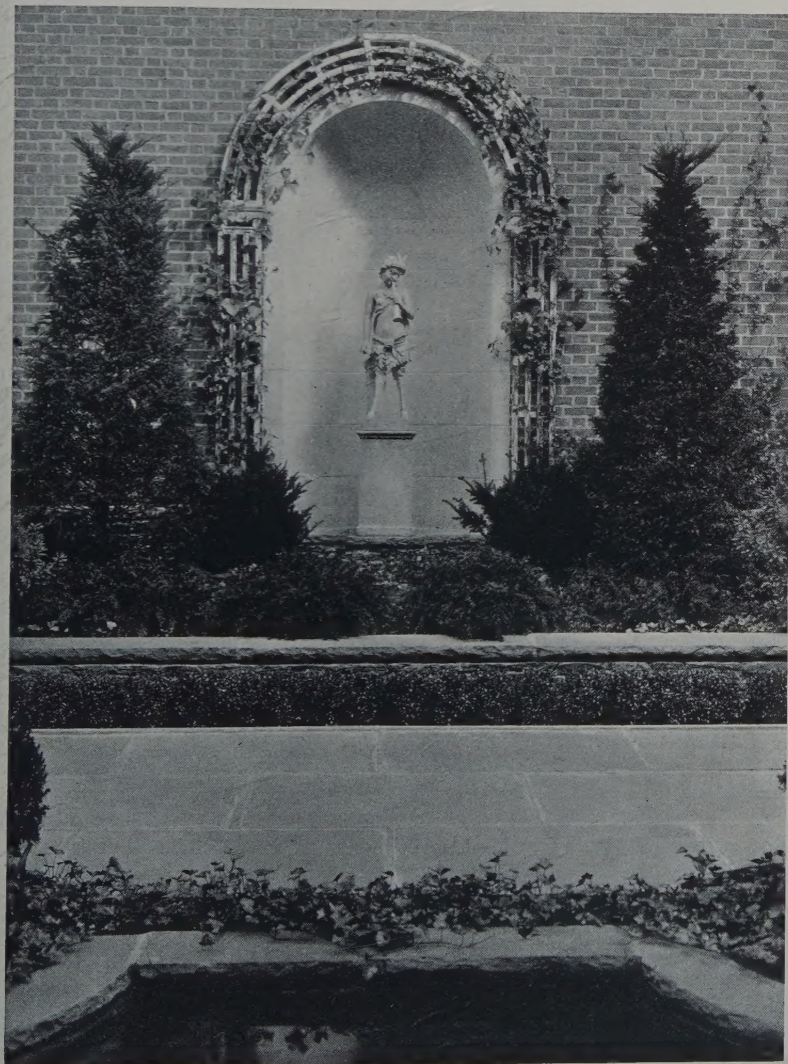
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PAN'S NICHE IN RADEKE MEMORIAL GARDEN

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THE RADEKE MEMORIAL GARDEN

"NOTHING is more completely the child of Art than a garden," wrote Sir Walter Scott many years ago. Most of us would agree that the association of a garden with a museum of art has a pleasant appropriateness about it. Not only is there the relationship Sir Walter indicates, but there is the blood tie of beauty, there is the antiphon of living grace and color which complements the work of men's hands treasured within the museum's walls. Such an association creates a balanced loveliness: the materialized flower of the human spirit which we call creations of art, fabric of the Past, has as counterpoise the perennial efforescence of the earth which is ever eloquent of Tomorrow.

Eliza Greene Radeke's deep and abiding love for art in all its manifestations needs no testimonial. In the galleries of our museum are hundreds of objects of art that are here in Providence because she recognized their quality, and in the adjoining buildings students are trained to strive for the goal she thought worthy of sacrifice and tireless effort. She was expansive in her appreciation of beauty, and it would have been strange had not the living beauty of a garden quickened and fortified her spirit. The windows of the living room of her home looked out upon a charming garden, where every spring, tulips fringed the walks and candytuft and bleeding-heart faithfully diffused their modest charms. The garden had as tutelary genius a small stone image of a piping Pan, an elfin figure perched on the edge of a pool where goldfish swam lazily under the shadow of green leaves.

It is as if this little Pan, after

*"that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined"*

vanished elsewhere, betook himself to a spot where her spirit's impress showed clearest. He stands now in a stone niche overlooking a garden newly created within

the walls of the institution to which Mrs. Radeke devoted a lifetime's interest and upon which, during the eighteen years she was its President, she lavished as many years of zealous service. It is a garden created in her honor and dedicated to her memory by the members of her family.

The Radeke Memorial Garden, like Lord Angelo's garden in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," is "a garden circumsured with brick," for it is surrounded on all sides by the walls of the museum. In the matter of gardens, there is solace in confinement. Though "garden" may be, as Alice Meynell says, "an Orient word, fresh and perpetual from childhood and the Divine East," it has an Aryan root which signifies an enclosure; and there are many garden lovers who feel that a garden is truly a garden only when it is a garden close, a leafy retreat encompassed by walls of masonry or hedge of living green. Thus is the din of the world shut out and beauty snared for the joy of its votaries.

Situated in a sunken courtyard behind the Georgian entrance hall of the museum, the Radeke garden is entered by stepping through an 18th century doorway on to the small bricked terrace that hugs the south wall of the Pendleton House, and then descending the stone stairs to the flagged path below. If one pauses on the terrace and looks down over the iron balustrade, one may see the garden scheme at a glance. Only those who knew the courtyard in its barrenness will appreciate the skilful planning that underlies the garden's design. It was a difficult problem in many ways. The main enclosure was sunk deep between the straight walls of the museum, with its three stories of irregularly spaced windows; there were numerous odd shaped areas; and the entrance and exits were established. Thus the site offered little inspiration to those who were anxious to create a garden worthy of the memory of Mrs. Radeke.

The garden's form is due to the planting, which as it becomes established will bring increasing beauty, but this has been made possible only by a clever architect-



LOOKING NORTH TOWARD PENDLETON HOUSE

tural treatment and background. The apparent depth of the court was lessened by stepping the garden on low terraces up from the flagged walk about the shaped pool which was dug in the very center of the plot. The low wall which supports the inner terrace describes an ornamental pattern around the central flagging, with curved corner recesses for stone benches; while the pool, the hub of the design, has its squareness encroached upon by the circles that accent the four corners in the garden strip which bounds it. An old wall furnished the dark grey stones which made the terraces, and they are properly unobtrusive amidst the thickly planted shrubs. The planting is symmetrically disposed, but the variety of foliage and the diversity of growth prevent an impression of formality.

Let us in imagination visit the garden. The little stone figure of Pan in its coved niche attracts our attention. It rests on a high pedestal, so that one looks up into the face of the youthful sprite as he stands with head bent a little, blowing on an ancient *tibia* or flute. He stands rather demurely, his shaggy goat's legs a bit apart. There is nothing here of the savage god who revelled with Dionysus, nor of him for fear of whom the Roman legionaries built altars in lonely barbarian lands. Here is only the Little God Pan who frolicked through the woods and led the dryads a merry dance, the god who sang:

*"The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was
Listening to my sweet pipings."*

He is the winsome god of gardens. He stands for "the richness of sap in the trees, the lushness of grass and of the green stems." Nineteen hundred years ago, Pliny the Elder lamented the setting up in gardens of "foolish images of Satyrs," whereas the custody of gardens was properly under

the protection of the goddess Venus. Yet his plaint fell on heedless ears, and throughout the centuries Pan has lurked in gardens, and here he is in ours.

Above Pan's head, on the curved wall of the niche, is the following inscription:

THIS GARDEN IS A MEMORIAL
TO
ELIZA GREENE RADEKE

Pan is often represented with a chaplet of fir or pine on his curly locks, for such a wreath he was wont to wear in remembrance of Pitys,—Pitys, the fond nymph beloved of Boreas, the North Wind, yet loving only Pan, whose piping tunes she followed everywhere, even to the edge of a precipice, where Boreas blew her to her death and the gods transformed her to a pine tree. Our little Pan wears no such firry wreath on his head, but his niche is framed in conifers. The rich green of three varieties of Yew serve as foil to the whiteness of the limestone. Like a verdant pilaster on each side the niche, a Yew tree lifts a dark spire of foliage. In its native forests, in the northern highlands of Japan, the ancestors of this Yew are said to grow to a height of fifty feet, but our trees scarcely reach the top of the niche, and their smooth, compact and beautifully tapered forms speak only of the garden, not the forest. The Japanese Yew was introduced into this country about eighty years ago, and has been a favorite in gardens ever since, because it is hardier than the English Yew, and its dark green never looks shabby at any time of the year; but Yews hybridize readily, and our little trees may be said only to be of Japanese descent, for various characteristics whisper of a botanical misalliance. Spurting up like small green fountains at the base of the niche are the branches of a dwarf variety of the true Japanese Yew, vigorous bushes of a lustily individualistic habit. Before the graveled crescent that assures for future years a clear view of the statue are low-spreading plants which are a prostrate form of the English Yew, diminutive relatives of the ancient patriarchs which were

sacred trees when Stonehenge was being built on Salisbury Plain.

There is a delicate pertinency in this clustering of Yews about the niche which bears the memorial inscription. From the days of the Egyptians, Yew branches have been used as a symbol of mourning.

branches in their funeral garlands. The great age which the Yew frequently attained and the unfading green of its foliage caused it to be looked upon as a symbol of immortality.

Appropriate, also, in its symbolism is the English Ivy, which climbs the en-



THE BENCH UNDER THE HAWTHORN TREE

*"My shroud of white, struck all with
Yew,
Oh! prepare it."*

writes Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night." The Greeks used Yew wood for their funeral pyres and the Romans wove Yew

circling trellis about the niche, for Ivy is the emblem of confiding love and friendship. There is much of it in our garden. It creeps up the brick walls, twines about the iron railings and forms a ground cover on the strip of earth bordering the pool. The lustrous green and charming spright-

liness of its leaves have always endeared it to garden lovers. It inspired Charles Dickens to forsake, for the nonce, his accustomed prose for poetry, with his "Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green," inserted amid the jollity and humor of "The Pickwick Papers."

In a 15th century Christmas carol, the Ivy contests with the Holly the chief place in the hall. The red berries of the Holly win for it the victory.

*"Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be, I wys;
Let Holy hafe the maystry, as the
manner ys."*

There are six English Holly trees in the Radeke garden. In the border before the wall in which the niche occurs, two repeat, with more wayward outline, the pyramidal form of the Yews; while two more are disposed at careful intervals on each adjoining side.

Holly lore is extensive. The common English name is very old and is believed to be a corruption of *Holy*. The Holly is spoken of as the "Holy-Tree" in ancient writings, and such designation is not owing to vagaries of spelling, but in all probability because the Holly was associated with Christian festivals like Christmas, or because of the legend current in some localities that its prickly leaves were used for Christ's crown of thorns. It seems likely, however, that its use at Christmas time was due originally not to any legendary association with Christ nor to the cheeriness of its berries, but to the fact that it was used by the Romans during the Saturnalia, the pagan festival of mid-December which Christmas superseded. We know the Romans held it to be an auspicious tree. Pliny said that "if it be planted about a house, whether it be within a city or standing in the country, it serveth for a countercharm and keepeth away all ill spells or enchantments and defends the house from lightning."

The berries of the Holly which so enhances its decorative charm are reputed to have medicinal qualities, and in olden times were given as a cure for colic and in-

termittent fevers. The glossy leaves have been used for a love-charm. Nine leaves in a three-cornered handkerchief tied up with nine knots and placed under the pillow are said to ensure dreams of the future spouse, and in Derbyshire it is thought that "according as to whether smooth or rough-leaved Holly is taken into a house at Christmas, so will the wife or husband be master for the year." The prickly leaves were considered to be male, the smooth female. As a matter of fact, the smooth and spiny leaves of the Holly are in old trees apparently the result of that strange protective instinct which plants seem to share with the animal kingdom. The lowest leaves are spiny, while higher up the tree, the leaves grow rounder and with smooth edges. As Southey puts it:

*"Below a circling fence its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly
round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves
appear."*

The botanical name for English Holly is *Ilex aquifolium*. It was the great Swedish botanist, Linnaeus, who gave it the generic name, *Ilex*, and used its ancient name, *aquifolium*, derived from the Latin *acutum*, sharp, and *folium*, a leaf, to designate the species. Plants of the genus *Ilex* grow all over the world, not only in Europe and North and South America, but in Northern Africa, Australia and in China and Japan. The Radeke garden contains three varieties of the Japanese Holly, which afford an interesting comparison with the more familiar English type. However, they are not on Pan's side of the garden, where we in imagination are standing, and so we will not notice them at the moment.

Let us rather look at the Azaleas growing beside the Yew trees. The dull green hairy leaves remain on the branches all winter, unlike the leaves of most varieties of Azalea, which are deciduous. These bushes have travelled far from their native heath,

for, horticulturally speaking, their pedigree goes back to the Azaleas of the Far East, to that land which Ernest Wilson called "The Mother of Gardens"—to China. They are the *Azalea ledifolia*, which is a variety of the so-called Indian Azalea. In 1680, a species of Azalea was brought from China to Holland. It was spoken of as the Indian Azalea because at that time the Far East was referred to as the Indies. Not until the early years of the last century, however, was it extensively cultivated throughout Northern Europe, receiving most attention in the Low Countries, where many varieties were developed.

The Azalea belongs to the great botanical family of the Heaths, *Ericaceae*, and in the Orient it takes the place of the less showy European heaths by garmenting barren lands with beauty. A dozen or more of these hardy plants are distributed about the garden, their soft-toned dull leaves, in June crowned with white flowers, making a pleasant contrast with the glossy-leaved Hollies and the big cousins of the Azaleas, the Rhododendrons.

The handsome leathery foliage of Rhododendrons contributes largely to the dignity of the Radeke garden. Massed in the corners and banked up high against the walls they give substantial body to the greenery throughout the year, with trusses of lavender blossoms an added charm in early summer. These beautiful shrubs are the result of intense experimentation by horticulturists, for although a species of Rhododendron is indigenous to the southern part of Rhode Island, the specimens in our garden, like most of the cultivated varieties, are hybrids.

It was in England that Rhododendrons were first appreciated as ornamental garden shrubs. A specimen of the very species native to this state, *Rhododendron maximum*, "the great laurel," was made to bloom in London in 1756. Less than a decade later, a plant which grows wild in Asia Minor was introduced. In the early 19th century, two other species, one indigenous to the Caucasus and another found on the Carolina Mountains were brought to England. Rhododendrons hy-



"THE EYE OF THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDEN"

bridize freely, and from the last-mentioned species and those native to Asia Minor, with an infusion of the great, brilliantly flowered Himalayan species, our present garden varieties are mainly derived.

The spiny branches of a slender Hawthorn tree lean over the stone bench in the corner to the north of Pan's niche, and a second tree rises above the Rhododendron bushes in the south corner. John Evelyn tells us the Hawthorn "was accounted among the fortunate trees," and certainly any garden is fortunate to contain one, with its picturesque growth of branches, its dainty foliage and sweet-scented flowers. It was anciently held to be the symbol of Hope, and it is said that branches of Hawthorn were carried by young Athenian girls at their friends' weddings, and the torches that lit the hymeneal altar were made of Hawthorn wood. That not a small part of the loveliness of an English spring is due to the flowering Hawthorn is well recognized. Long, long ago blossoming boughs of it were generously used on May Day; indeed, it became so identified with the spring festival that to this day it is spoken of in England simply as "may." It has been used for hedges from time immemorial. James I of Scotland, immured in Windsor Castle, wrote in his "Quair" of "hawthorn hedges knet." In England, as Milton tells us in "L'Allegro,"

*"every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."*

The Hawthorn is not, however, exclusively English or even European. It grows widely throughout the north temperate regions of the world. In China and Manchuria, it has long been an orchard fruit, the haws under cultivation attaining the size of small plums. Not generally realized, except by botanists, is the fact that the greatest number of species of the genus are to be found in the United States. On the slopes of low hills from the Canadian border to Delaware grows a picturesque native species which because of a fancied resemblance of its thorns to the spur of a cock has been named the Cockspur Thorn.

It is a small tree with wide spreading branches and glossy dark green leaves, and bears delicate white flower clusters in early June which give place to tenacious dull red haws. Of all the American species this is the most generally used for ornamental planting, and this is the species which appears in our garden.

The boughs of the Hawthorn in the southeast corner of the garden meet those of a Crabapple tree, their combined branches forming a delicate arch over the wrought iron gate which guards a short flight of stone steps to a little-used emergency exit from the museum lecture-room. In the southwest corner of the garden, another Crabapple tree lifts its picturesque limbs above the Azalea bushes and the dark green leaves of the Rhododendrons.

Probably it was the Chinese who first realized the beauty of a flowering apple-tree. The blossom was regarded as a symbol of feminine grace. In old England, they were more alive to the palatable cider to be made from the cultivated fruit. We read in ancient records of the villagers of Cornwall and Devonshire drinking to the appletrees on Christmas Eve or Twelfth Night. This custom was known as "wassailing" the trees. Pails of cider, often with roasted apples bobbing in it, were carried to the orchard by the farmers, where part was drunk and part thrown on the trees. The poet Herrick refers to this quaint custom in his "Hesperides."

*"For more or less fruit they will bring
As you do give them Wassailing."*

In the Orient, the appletree was honored for its beauty alone and was tenderly nurtured in Imperial gardens.

Just what "crab" means as applied to an apple is not definitely known. The word has been in use since the 15th century, perhaps even earlier. In the Norse tongue there is a dialect word, *skrabba*, meaning the fruit of the wild appletree, and possibly that is the term's origin, and then again it may be connected with the word *crabbed*, ill-tempered, sour.



THE SOUTHEAST CORNER

WHERE BROAD-LEAVED EVERGREENS CLUSTER ABOUT THE WROUGHT IRON GATE

The ancestors of the Crabapple trees which lend their grace and charm to the Radeke garden are an Asiatic species, and probably for centuries the chief appreciators of their small reddish fruit have been the birds. The trees' main interest, from a human point of view, is their lovely pink flowers. In 1780, a Chinese Crabapple tree was brought from Canton to England, and the Siberian Crab was introduced a few years later. These were the earliest Asiatic Crabapple immigrants to the Occident, so far as we know. Three-quarters

of a century afterwards, in 1861, Dr. George Hall sent a specimen of Flowering Crab from Japan to the United States. This variety, to which the trees in the Radeke garden belong, was destined to become famous under the name of the Parkman Crab, because it was first cultivated in this country in the garden of Francis Parkman, the historian of pioneer America, on the shores of Jamaica Pond.

Tucked in between the Azalea bushes are Chinese Barberries, *Berberis verruculosa*. They belong to an evergreen species often

called the "Holly Barberry," a name derived from the small shining leaves which resemble those of the Common Holly, though one-tenth the size. In true Barberry fashion, at the proper season, small yellow flowers in the axils of the leaves star the prostrate spreading branches, and are in turn superseded by berries. The fruits, however, are black and not red as in the Common Barberry, whose prickly festoons garland our New England roadsides. The spiny branches characteristic of the barberry are responsible for its old nickname, "the Holy Thorn." Because the spines were in trinities, the tradition arose that the barberry was used in Christ's Crown of Thorns. The beauty of Barberry bushes would seem sufficient reason for their cultivation in gardens, but in horticultural literature, at least of old time, the utilitarian Occidental mind lays chief stress on the Barberry's medicinal or comestible value. In the 17th century, Dr. Culpeper wrote: "Mars owns this shrub and presents it to the use of my countrymen to purge their bodies of choler." It was prized for conserves and for "sallets," and we read that "with the greene leaves of the Barberrie bush they make sawce to eate with meates;" moreover, this sauce "doth coole hot stomachs and procureth appetite." In our Radeke Garden the Oriental Barberries are only a feast for the eye, but, to change the simile, as in a symphonic composition a flute might echo a musical phrase played on the French horns, so in the garden's symphony of greenery the tiny sharp-edged leaves which border the long sprawling branches reiterate in *diminuendo* the *leitmotif* of the Hollies.

The side of the garden directly opposite the wall in which the figure of Pan is niched is largely given over to Japanese Hollies. Between each lower story window of the museum stands a pyramidal tree, a dense mass of delicate branches thick-set with dainty dark green leaves. This species of Holly, *Ilex crenata*, is said to have been first brought to Europe in 1864 by an enterprising plant-collector named Maximowicz and to have been introduced into

America eleven years later. In both the wild and cultivated state it may be found widely distributed all over Japan. When cultivated in gardens by the Japanese, it is dwarfed or trained into grotesque shapes. Between the pointed trees, low clipped bushes of a somewhat broader-leaved variety of Japanese Holly, *Ilex crenata latifolia*, encompasses the gratings before the windows, the trees thus appearing as pyramidal accents in a continuous ilex hedge. In the foreground, small compact mounds of a dwarf variety, *ilex compacta Helleri*, flanked by low-growing Holly Barberries, are disposed in an undulating pattern of green.

Between the dwarf ilexes, and in other parts of the garden where space occurs between the foreground shrubs, the trailing Myrtle or Periwinkle, *Vinca minor*, forms an evergreen ground-cover. In the language of flowers, the Periwinkle is said to symbolize fond recollections. It has a long garden history. In Anglo-Saxon *garths* it crept among the honeysuckles and gilliflowers, and it was nurtured along with jasmine, rosemary, sweet marjoram and other "lovesome flowers" of Tudor gardens. Sir Francis Bacon recommended it to be planted on the "little heaps in the nature of mole-hills," which he thought proper to garden "heaths," or wildernesses. In an old horticultural book published in Paris when Louis XV sat on the throne of France, we read of the Periwinkle, *la pervenche*, that "bears flowers of the color of the Violet and of the same form." A pretty old folk name is Joy-of-the-Ground. In an ancient manuscript we learn that

"In tyme of May he bereth blue flour,
Ye lef is thicke, schinede and styf,
As is ye grene jwy lefe,
Vnder brod and uerhand round
Men call it ye joy of grounde."

Even more reminiscent of old-time gardens is the Box which forms a trim green edging against the grey stones that wall the terraced garden beds. The Evergreen Box, *buxus sempervirens*, was consecrated by the ancient Greeks to Pluto, the god of



LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD MEMORIAL HALL'S TWIN TOWERS

the underworld, for he was the divinity who protected evergreens, being ruler of that region where, unseen of men, life continued during the months of winter. Therefore, Box is symbolic of immortality. Its peculiar scent has seemed to many "redolent of the eternal past." Queen Anne, however, was of those who disliked the smell and, according to Defoe, had the Box rooted up in the royal gardens.

In the days when geometry ruled the garden plot and beds were laid out in intricate pattered, Box was the universal edging plant. Earlier still, even as far back as Roman times, Box was material for the topiarists' shears and was clipped into all sorts of capricious and grotesque shapes.

"with preposterous skill

*To various beasts, and birds of sundry
quill*

*Transform'd, and human shapes of
monstrous size."*

Boxwood is very hard, and has been much prized by artificers whenever hardness was important. When combs were made of wood, boxwood was chosen. It was used also for walking sticks, rulers and mathematical instruments. It was especially favored by wood-engravers, and its use in making boxes is believed to have endowed those articles with their name. There is a legend that the Cross of Christ was made of it. As a symbolic decorative green, Box is associated with Candlemas Day, when Christmas greens were taken down and branches of Box put up in their place.

A hardy and highly thought of variety of Box is the slow-growing *buxus suffruticosa*. Around the shaped pool at the center of the Radeke Garden are four spherical bushes of it. These compact balls of small dark green leathery leaves were possibly twenty years in growing. They make the handsomest kind of corner ornaments to the pool's frame of English Ivy.

Tall and slender, its upper branches rising high above the iron balustrade of the entrance terrace, stands, like the guardian of the garden, an Oriental Maidenhair-

tree or Ginkgo. Its popular name of Maidenhair-tree was given to it because its fan-shaped leaves, each on its little individual stalk, impart to its branches the lacy appearance of the delicately beautiful maidenhair fern. Ginkgo is its Japanese name, which is merely a Japanese rendering of its Chinese name, Yin-kuo. It is mentioned in Chinese records dating from the T'ang Dynasty, or more than a thousand years ago. In a Ming Dynasty herbal, it is descriptively designated as the "tree with leaves like a duck's foot." Endowed with a symbolic meaning now forgotten, the Ginkgo was cherished by the Buddhist monks. It was planted near Buddhist shrines and in the temple grounds and was taken by the Buddhist priests to Japan, where today many majestic Ginkgos of immense age are found in the proximity of shrines, ancient palaces and old tombs. The Dutch brought the Ginkgo tree from the Orient to Holland in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, but it was many years before the successful fruiting of a female tree was accomplished in Europe. The first Ginkgo tree to flourish in America is said to have been one in William Hamilton's garden near Philadelphia in 1784.

From one point of view, the Ginkgo is the most interesting tree in the world. It is the oldest living species of tree extant on our planet. When dinosaurs and pterodactyls heaved their great bulks in the prehistoric jungle, trees of identical leafage flourished in what are now the temperate zones. Fossil remains have been discovered in places as wide apart as Greenland, the United States and England to prove this. When in that remote geologic age known to scientists as the Tertiary Period, the great polar ice sheet spread over the greater part of North America and Europe, with widespread destruction to the flora of the invaded regions, the tree ferns were wiped out. In the Orient, the ice proved more sluggish, and one species of a great family of trees has thus been able to survive to our day. Perhaps it was some inkling of its great antiquity that caused the Ginkgo to be revered by Orient-

tals profoundly sensitive to nature's mysteries, and accounts for its survival in religious sanctuaries. Our gratitude to the ice-cap and the Buddhists!

The Ginkgo is not only the oldest living species of tree, but it is also the oldest cultivated nut tree. Its Chinese name, Yin-kuo, means "Silver Nut." The female tree bears an orange-yellow fruit which encloses an oval nut having a soft kernel. When the fruit falls to the ground, it breaks open and has a very offensive odor. However, the ill-smelling pulp being washed away, a white nut is revealed, which is appreciated as a delicacy in China and Japan. The Ginkgo trees planted as ornamental trees in our gardens and parks, because of the bad odor of the nuts, are male trees, yet the distinctive pattern of the tree branches is always interesting, either in summer when the "duck's foot" leaves fringe the boughs, or in the winter when the yellowed leaves have fallen, and the nubs of the leaf-stalks spur the somewhat wayward branches.

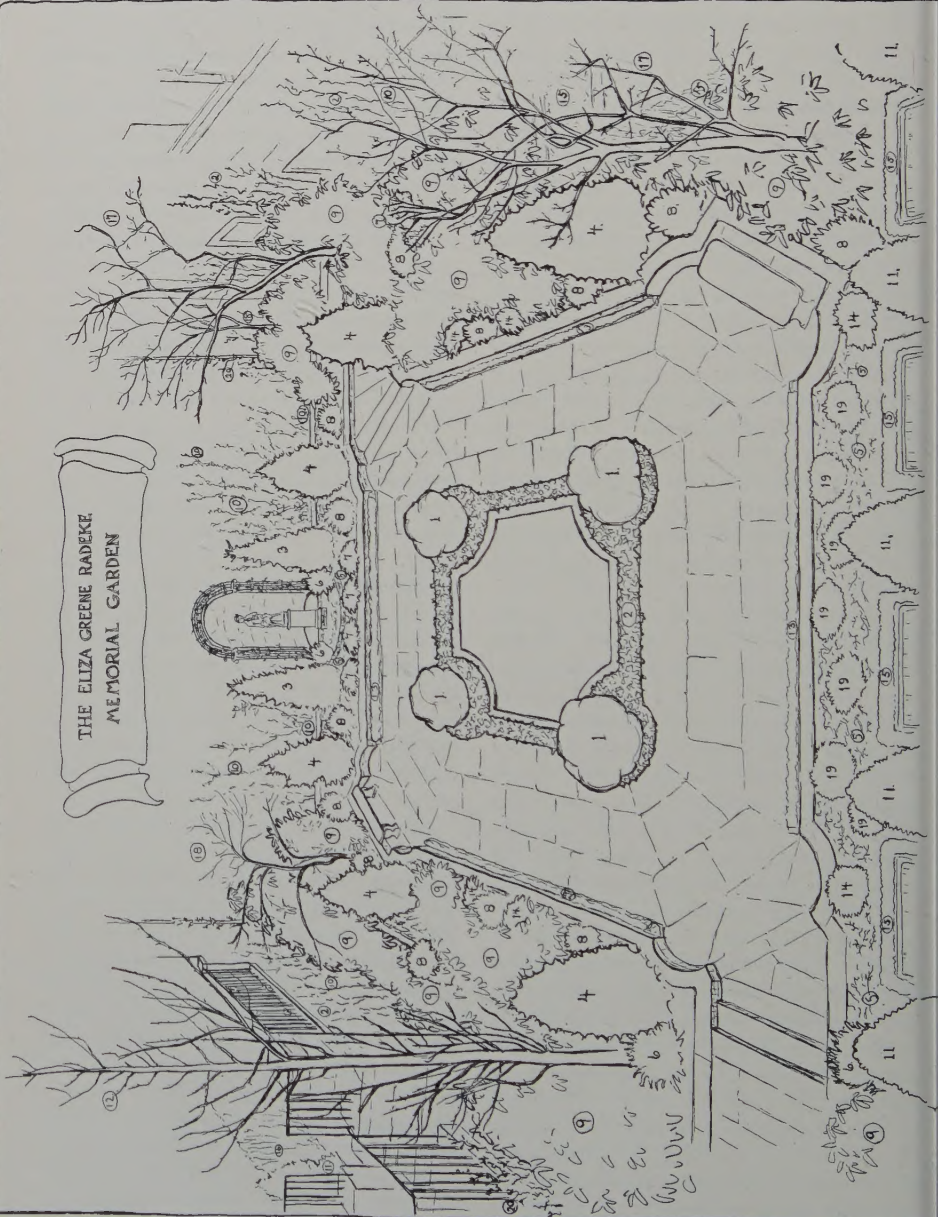
Growing up the brick wall behind the Ginkgo tree is a thickly foliated vine, the so-called Evergreen Bittersweet, or *Euonymus*. In fact, it is a companion climber of the English Ivy on all the walls enclosing the garden, and young low bushy plants of it tucked between the other plants form a mat of green wherever a bare spot might appear. Its name, *Euonymus*, is an interesting example of Caliban guile, of speaking soft lest the gods hear. Literally, *Euonymus* means "of good name," while in actual fact the plant has a bad name. It is poisonous to cattle and its flowering was anciently supposed to portend pestilence. In Britain, a tree form is known as the Spindle-tree because its hard durable wood was favored by weavers for spindles. It is sometimes called the Pegwood or Skewerwood for a similar reason. An interesting use of the bark of one species—there are some seventy species of it said to be growing in north temperate regions—is in making the yellow dye that the Hindus employ in staining their foreheads with the sacred caste mark.

Euonymus grows both as a bushy shrub and as a vine, the juvenile plants of some species displaying characteristics which differ from those typical of the mature specimens. In our garden appear two varieties of *Euonymus radicans*, the lusty variety known as *vegetus*, with glossy round leaves, and that known as *Carrierei*, with longer oval leaves. The popular name of Evergreen Bittersweet has reference to the resemblance of its orange-red seeds in their yellowish capsules to the seeds of the true deciduous bittersweet vine, *Celastrus articulatus*.

The narrow court between the Pendleton House and the northerly end of the museum proper is verdant with Ivy, Japanese Holly hedges and *Euonymus*, with clumps of Rhododendrons banked up against the blind end wall. Here, too, is one of the loveliest ornaments of the garden, a plummy Japanese *Cryptomeria* tree. It is slender and tall, and its foliage is of a soft blue-green. It is a native of Japan. The great avenue of *Cryptomerias* leading to the shrine at Nikko is world famous. In its native land it is employed not only as an ornamental tree but is also grown for its timber. A Chinese variety of it was introduced into Europe about the middle of the 19th century, and the great beauty of its foliage and its picturesque growth won the esteem of the landscape gardeners.

Let us ascend the steps to the entrance terrace. Green plants border the brick pavement. Small Japanese Hollies accent the corners and low *Euonymus* makes a thick carpet on either side the path. Against the Pendleton House wall is a Privet hedge, the so-called California Privet, though it is actually a native of the seacoast of Japan. Here, perhaps, it may be interesting to do a little etymological delving. For the familiar name "privet" has an entertaining history. It is a softening of "primet," which is a contraction of the old English name for the Primrose, "primprint." The Primrose, as we all know, is one of the earliest flowers of an English spring, and the old name, "primprint," is merely an abbreviation of "prime printemps," or

THE ELIZA GREENE RADEKE
MEMORIAL GARDEN



1. Dwarf Box, *Buxus suffruticosa*
2. English Ivy, *Hedera helix*
3. Yew, *Taxus Media*
4. English Holly, *Ilex aquifolium*
5. Ground Myrtle, or Periwinkle, *Vinca minor*
6. Japanese Yew, *Taxus cuspidata nana*
7. English Yew, *Taxus baccata repandens*
8. White Azalea, *Azalea ledifolia alba*
9. Rhododendrons, hybrids
10. Evergreen Bittersweet, *Euonymus radicans vegetus*
11. Japanese Holly, *Ilex crenata microphylla*
12. Maidenhair Tree, *Ginkgo biloba*
13. Common Box, *Buxus sempervirens*
14. Holly Barberry, *Berberis verruculosa*
15. Japanese Holly, *Ilex crenata latifolia*
16. "California" Privet, *Ligustrum ovalifolium*
17. Parkman Crab, *Malus Halliani*
18. Hawthorn, *Crataegus crusgalli*
19. Dwarf Japanese Holly, *Ilex crenata*, var. *Helleri*
20. Evergreen Bittersweet, *Euonymus radicans Carrieri*

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Professor John George Jack of the Arnold Arboretum for his authoritative aid in determining certain species and varieties

"springtime's first." Elizabethan botanists called the flower *Ligustrum*. This was a name given in other European countries to the Privet, and hence the folk name of that lovely springtime flower of the English fields, the pale primrose, beloved of English poets, was transferred to the shrub with little creamy-white lilac-like flowers.

From the terrace, once more we look down over the garden. In the center lies the pool, "the very eye of the beauty of the garden," as Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, once said of the pool in his pleasure ground. About the pool, we see an encircling pavement of wide smooth stones, and then, tiered greenery,—the sleek petal-like foliage of the Rhododendrons, the dark barbed branches of the Yews, the sueded-soft verdure of the Azaleas, the brambly festoons of the Barberries, the English Holly "glittering with its armed and varnished leaves." In the corners, the delicate beauty of the Hawthorn boughs and the Crabapple's wayward branches add lightness and grace, with the virile forthrightness of the Ginkgo contributing vigor. Here is an evergreen garden to hoard its color all the year, a garden of woody plants whereon a fall of snow is "merely a foil

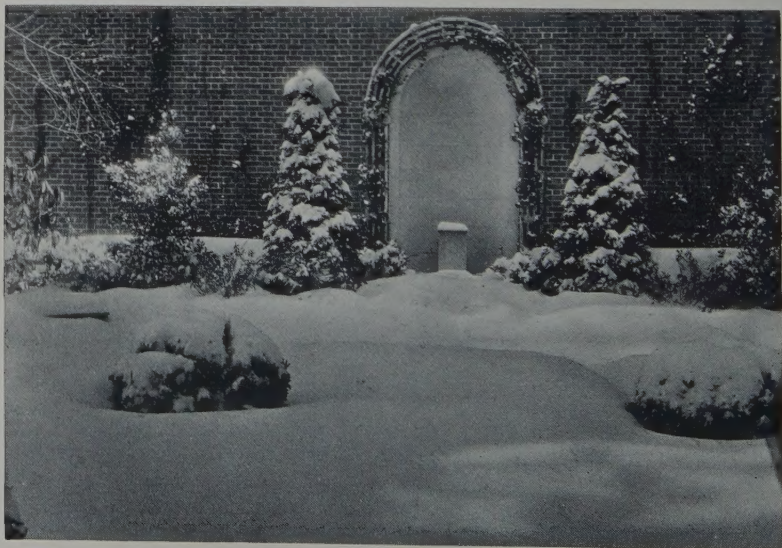
which heightens by contrast the beauty of their architecture."

It is said that Epicurus was the first to think of planting a garden in a city. If so, that "master of all voluptuous idleness" deserves our thanks. For a garden

"Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite Beyond it"

is an oasis of delight to those Antaeus souls who must have contact with the beauty of earth to retain spiritual strength. Indeed, William Morris said: "In great towns, gardens, both private and public, are positive necessities if the citizens are to live reasonable and healthy lives in body and mind." Certainly we must all agree with another English writer, Joseph Addison, who regarded "the pleasure which we take in a Garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life." A great English statesman once so loved his garden that he ordered his heart when he died to be buried there in a silver box under a sundial. Instead of burying her heart, the family of Eliza Greene Radeke have chosen to enshrine her memory in living beauty in the heart of the institution she so deeply loved.

MIRIAM A. BANKS



THE GARDEN IN SNOW